The Times Dispatch

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FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1913.

### WHOSE UNION STATION?

The public is always a partner in any transportation system. It furnishes the patronage, and is vitally concerned with the service given. This point seems to be entirely overlooked by the railroads that enter Richmond in their suggestions about stations. The railroads are not trying to serve the people in the best way. They are trying to serve themselves in the best way. We have yet to observe any unselfishness in the attitude of any company. Some of them want the union station downtown because it suits their own private arrangements best; the others fight stoutly for an uptown station because that will be most satisfactory to them. The idea of pleasing Richmond and helping develop the city by a broad plan for a great terminal does not seem of any great importance in the railroad philosophy. None of them want to go to any expense or disrupt their present traffic arrangements for the good of the community. They are no nearer to an understanding now than for several years past.

It is time for the city to take what hand it can in the question. The Council might try a bit more briskly to get something done. The expert for two of the companies says the downtown station is alone feasible from an engineering point of view. The expert for the other two companies says an outer edge station alone will solve the problem. We say, a plague upon both houses. Let us get our own expert and our own data and our own transportation advice and find out where the union station should be built, and then lay our shoulders to the wheel to make the selfish companies agree.

The people must demand better facilities, or they stand small chance of getting them. The railroads, left to themselves, seem bent on the extraordinary policy of suiting themselves, and let the traveling public go hang. That is shown by the disagreeably inadequate conveniences now furnished at the various terminals. The Times-Dispatch has shown that the races and sexes are huddled together in cramped and unpleasant quarters. The Richmond stations are not as modern and efficient as many in small towns in the State. We get just what we are willing to put up with.

Are we willing to put up with dilatory selfishness any longer? Do we intend to take what we are given, or attempt to get what is right? The Corporation Commission can certainly do something. If its present powers are inadequate, they can be enlarged. In modern municipal life, the people are not beggars. They are rulers. Richmond can direct its own railroad life. It can take the tracks off its streets and make the railroads meet the daily growing demands for sufficient terminal service. All that is needed is pressure. In some places the companies have vision, and do not wait for indignant public opinion to force relief. Here this vision seems lacking. Public opinion must take its place.

### EXTENDING THE Y. M. C. A.

We are glad that the steady work of the State Y. M. C. A. has borne fruit in the inauguration of county Y. M. C. A. activity in some sixteen counties of Southwest Virginia. With its usual progressive spirit, this section has seen the wonderful social and industrial opportunities in the use of a big organization to build up the life of its people. Over fifty business and professional men took part in a conference, over which the next Governor of Virginia, Henry Stuart, presided, and the sum of $250 for each county was guaranteed. This amount will be used to employ a division superintendent, who will develop the work in the various counties. He will arouse the people to the value of such action, and it is believed that in a short time a man will be provided by each county to supervise its own Y. M. C. A.

No one who knows rural conditions in Virginia can be ignorant of the need for some agency that will coordinate the separate branches of community life. So far the county Y. M. C. A. has been found the best means for achieving this end. Without being bound or cramped by special interests, it can stimulate and oversee them all. It supplements the school and the church, and can be used as a means of spreading information on the special interests of the rural section. It looks after the youth of the country, furnishing a stimulus toward co-operation in recreation, education, the study of farming and the amelioration of the hard conditions that are tending to drive young men to the cities.

In one county this work has already been proved a wonderful success. The superintendent has organized the county for better things. He looks after parts of social life that the regular governmental and educational machinery cannot reach. He furthers athletics, study groups, summer camps, religious teaching, and above everything else arouses in the boy a sense of leadership and personal responsibility. In short, he gets the boys together for the hundreds of things that need doing in isolated districts.

Mr. Stuart's suggestion that better roads are a fundamental of community happiness in the country indicates what such county work can mean. It will organize the young men into road improvement groups. The ideal of co-operation for the development of roads must lead to ideals of co-operation in farming, in education, in recreation, in politics and other lines. The Times-Dispatch is glad that the Southwest has vision to seize upon this fine instrument for progress. It hopes the movement will spread, and that the next Governor of Virginia may find occasion to help inculcate the same spirit in other regions of Virginia now so sadly isolated and lacking in community feeling.

### WHAT EDUCATION FOR WOMEN?

At Winchester this week is being held the seventh annual meeting of the Virginia Association of Colleges and Schools for Girls. How many people in the State know that such an organization exists, and that it is making a steady effort to raise the character and extend the sphere of higher education for women? Not many people know it, for not many people are interested. The fact remains that unless Virginia does provide for the education of its women, it will be left behind in the progress of the country. It makes no difference what point of view you hold, whether that of the advanced feminist or the conservative home-lover, all must admit that the character of the people at last depends on the mothers. Mothers who are behind the times, uneducated, mentally and spiritually cramped cannot rear the children of an enlightened State. Virginia is forty-one in general education among the States. Where do you imagine she ranks in the education of women? If the provision of college training of standard character for the women is the criterion, Virginia ranks absolutely nothing. For nothing is provided by the State.

The sentiment of the State is changing for the better. The move for a co-ordinate college for women at the university, however right or wrong as to method, was essentially right in ideal. As expressed by the professor of education from the university before this conference, the new view is: "Public opinion in the South demands higher education for its women, and that this education be given in the colleges of the South."

There are at least two private institutions that offer full collegiate work. There are several excellent normal schools that give part training. The great bulk, however, of the education of women above the high schools is done by seminaries that are called "junior colleges," or, as is now proposed, "collegiate schools." Much of the interest of this association is in defining and standardizing such valuable adjuncts of our system. Already great advances have been made in the curricula and requirements for such seminaries. They are aiming at two full years of college work given by a faculty of at least three professors. Yet many of these institutions confuse preparatory work and college training. They offer scant laboratory facilities and small libraries. At best they are substitutes. What we need is a fully equipped college for women, equal in rank to the University of Virginia, and intended to train the women of Virginia for teachers and in the manifold vocations for which modern life is discovering women are suited, and in which they can find happiness and self-realization.

### INTERNATIONAL MONEY NERVES.

Not long since we pointed out that dollar diplomacy is the most pervasive and powerful form of international pressure. Statecraft is largely a matter of economics. Fresh evidence of this is in the statement of Prince Poniatwoski, a big French banker, that the financial crash of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad may lead to the closure of the French market to American securities. The timorous Frenchman hates to see everything going out and nothing coming in.

The sum of the prince's argument is that the French are losing faith in the words of the big American houses that must be taken, by foreign investors as to the nature and stability of the securities offered. He mentions several cases where the foreigner has been the goat, and hits the main idea when he says that the French cannot keep track of the investment risks in a large and changing country like the United States. In addition, he believes that the constant stirring up of public and economic problems in America during the muckraking era has aroused a general sentiment of distrust across the waters. They believe abroad that we have not settled these questions, and that until some substantial basis of economics is reached, the uninformed investor runs big risks.

The lessons in this are all for the American financier. He is responsible if such a feeling has been born, and upon him now devolves the duty of so conducting his enterprises as to restore confidence. The State and national governments may also take a hint as to the urgent need for adjusting differences with corporations in any way dependent on European capital.

One fact the gentleman overlooks. Even the soundest American banker must see some of the possibilities of an investment. Much of the Frisco trouble seems to have been due to drought and flood. The road had gone in for large extensions and increased equipment in justifiable anticipation of heavy traffic. Had the conditions turned out right, this would have been praised as far-sighted planning. When various local causes conspired to make the debt too heavy to carry, the road-builders are called fools and worse. The French investor should consider that this is a developing country, where his is a comparatively finished one. We have to take risks to achieve our ends. In return for the dividends of rich value that the investor earns, he should be willing to face the inevitable times of business and disaster that cannot be foreseen or avoided.

### SENTIMENT AND RIDING.

This question as to how women should ride horseback looks to us largely like an academic dispute—for the very good reason that not enough women ride either aside or astride to throw the country into a conniption fit. Rather had we better spend our energy settling whether it is nicer to use a bonnet or a cap when driving an automobile, and whether real sentiment dictates a dash of frangipani in the gasolene. Some of our readers think it is not womanly to ride astride, and others think such old-fashioned sentiment risks the life and limb of the rider.

As a fact, where most of the nation's riding is done, the question has been settled. In the West women ride astride for comfort and safety. The livery-stable men will not rent horses for side-saddle use, nor do the women want side-saddles. Here in Virginia it might be well left to personal taste, as, indeed, it is. There is no disputing that a graceful girl in flowing skirts on a good nag looks very nice on the old pommel saddle. It is true also that good-looking girls are attractive on the cross saddle, nor do we see wherein they sacrifice any modesty or womanliness. Getting right down to the bottom, isn't the sentiment only against an innovation as something new, and not as something wrong? Can anybody prove that riding astride is against good manners or morals? In the end, it is the looks of the thing, and the looks of the thing is in the eye of the observer.

Meanwhile, women will ride one way or 'tother, as they see fit, and most of them will compromise by riding in the street car, so both the sentimentalist and the utilitarian are safe.

### REMARKABLE CHINESE FINANCIERING.

An illustration of the Chinese government's ideas of financiering is given by the Peking correspondent of the London Times, which involves such recklessness as to be almost unbelievable. Yet the correspondent is vouched for as entirely reliable and in position to know all the inside facts.

Pending negotiations for the five powers' loan, side negotiations for a smaller loan from a group of Austrian bankers were opened. The latter fell through, but it developed that the Chinese government, in order to raise £1,413,000 of ready money, seriously proposed to make itself liable for £3,500,000, this to be payable within a very short time. A condition of the loan was that in addition to the ready cash China was to get, by buying them, twelve torpedo boats from a Trieste shipyard and six destroyers from a German shipyard, which she had no need for.

The incident amusingly reminds another London contemporary of the custom of the old-fashioned money lenders to advance £50 in cash and the rest of £100 in "old sherry" and pictures by and after Rubens and Van Dyck.

A grave reminder, however, lies in the natural question that, given such ideas and theories of government financiering, what, under a mortgage to the five powers group, is likely to be the fate of China, the effect on Chinese territorial integrity, considering the ambition of some of the powers represented in respect to expanding their "spheres of influence" in that quarter?

The contemporary last referred to observes that if China should persist in borrowing in this way her financial enslavement could not be indefinitely postponed. It might, with equal truth, have added: and her physical enslavement by partition likewise. Such financiering vindicates the position President Wilson took in regard to the six powers' loan in both its bearing on international policy and the interests of American bankers.

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Dallas, Texas, is building a new interurban station that will cover an entire city block and be nine stories high. It will hold twelve tracks, and the total cost will be around $2,000,000. All of the present lines and those to be built in the future will be accommodated here, as the sheds will receive thirty-five trains at a time. It is estimated that 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 people will use this station in 1914. That sounds fine. Then consider that Dallas has less than 100,000 people. Richmond is the centre of a farming land that lies waiting for electric transportation. It has two or three short lines now. Why should we not take a leaf from the book of big-spirited Dallas and get busy developing ourselves by developing our neighbors? Every county around us should be penetrated by electric car lines. They should meet in a common station. It is time we thought like Greater Richmond instead of merely talking about Greater Richmond. That famous city of the future will never "just grow." It must be built!

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If King George has not finally decided not to have a poet laureate, there is plenty of good timber in Virginia.

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It is said that the heavy frown on Secretary Bryan's brow at Driver Tuesday was caused by his inability to decide the burning issue of that Nansemond neighborhood: "Which is better, buttermilk or pot liker?"

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The corn-on-the-cob days have come, the most delicious of the year.

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Here is another of those "little towns" we look upon showing the way to Richmond burg. Portsmouth has bought property for a playground at a cost of $10,000. We need about five times that sum spent here to give the next generation a fair chance. You had the back lots. They have nothing but the streets.

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Will the Bull Moosers in Illinois claim the suffrage victory as one of the results of Armageddon?

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In fourteen of the largest cities of the country rubbish or waste cans are furnished by the municipality. We just furnish the waste.

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In England they cover a minister with flour. In America we often use whitewash.

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

**A Soliloquy.**

To mote or not to mote—that is the question:
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
And walk or hike or hire a horse and buggy,
Or take up arms against a sea of troubles,
Of carburetors, oil pumps and tires that puncture,
Of gasolene that's boosted to the heavens,
Or is it best to walk and never know them,
Or travel in the hot and dusty tram car,
Thus not invited and thereby escaping
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That cars are heir to. 'Tis a consummation,
Perhaps, devoutly to be wished.

**From the Hickeyville Clarion.**

Our old friend Doc Simmers is suffering much pain these days. He sent to a mail order house for some false teeth and they sent him a set of women's teeth by mistake, and Doc did not know the difference until he put them in his mouth, and his jaws commenced to flop up and down and they have flopped so fast ever since that Doc can't catch a hold to get them out, and he's pretty near done for.

Anse Frisby placed an order for a new oatmobile down in the city the other day and the salesman said, "Your new car will have a splendid finish." Anse said: "I'm glad of it. The last one I had, had a fierce finish. It tried to butt a street car off the track."

Jem Betts is getting sort of spleened agin them mail order houses. He ordered a dozen strictly fresh eggs by parcel post the other and when they came one of 'em had a note written on it in leadpencil, the message being dated April 7, 1911.

Miss Hepsibad Tuttle, our school teacher, has had several proposals of marriage since she has been in our midst, but she says on account of the modest income allowed to school teachers nowadays it is about all she can do to support herself.

A feller is here with a $20 bill in his possession. It is quite a curiosity, and he showed it to several in the Golden Nugget. Constable Ezra Hand is keepin' an eye on the feller, as he has an idee there may be a reward out for him.

**Automobile Yarns.**

"I think I have got the greatest car in the world," said the Fat Man.

"No doubt," replied the Thin Man. "Everybody thinks he has."

"I was driving along the other day," continued the Fat Man, "when I noticed that the engine sort of bucked and didn't run well at all, and I couldn't get as much power as I should have. I noticed it for a week or two. I drove into a garage and the man looked into my gasolene tank and said it was as dry as a bone. Furthermore, he told me that I hadn't had a drop of gasolene in that tank for two weeks. I had been running on air all that time and never knew it. No wonder she bucked. Now I suppose you will say that I haven't got some car. What?"

"That's nothing at all," said the Thin Man. "I drove into a garage the other day to see what was the matter with my car, and the man looked all around for the gasolene tank and couldn't find it. He said: 'Why man alive, there isn't any gasolene tank on this car.' They forgot to put one in at the factory and he told the truth. I had been running that car ever since February 15 without any gasolene tank in it at all."

**Signs of the Times.**

Governor William Sulzer, of New York will be the next Democratic nominee for the presidency—if they let him do the nominating.

There is only one bachelor in the Wilson Cabinet, and there are three marriageable daughters in the Wilson family.

How fleeting is Fame. Nobody ever hears a word about Pauline Wayne, the ex-White House cow, any more.

Colonel Hank Watterson still represents the untrammeled and uninvited section of the Democracy.

The reader, we fell sure, will pardon us if we appear to be slightly pessimistic at times regarding the general outlook. We are paying for a lawnmower on the instalment plan, a dollar down and a dollar every time the collector catches us.

Pulling dandelions is, to our notion, no sort of occupation for a man who tries to keep all of the ten Commandments. Pull one and the next day you find three in its place. Something like swatting flies.

Commencement presents and wedding presents come in the same month. Julius Caesar didn't know his business. Julius was the party who invented the calendar.

Dr. Cook should get down out of the hall of fame and give his place to Dr. Friedmann.

St. Louis judge had decided that the tipping a porter is a voluntary act. The judge evidently has not had much experience with porters.

But the administration will not have accomplished its greatest victory until it makes Colonel Watterson take a drink of grape juice.

## FLIES!

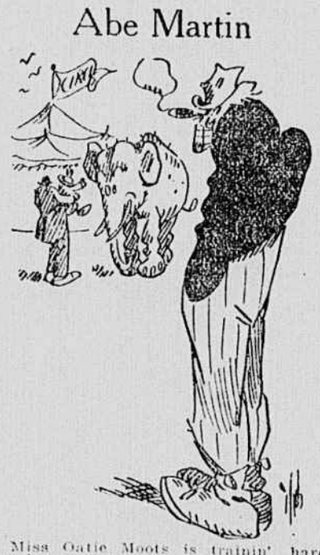
**Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.**

**It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.**

**Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.**

**Let 1913 be a flyless year.**

## Abe Martin



Miss Gatie Moots is trainin' hard fer her weddin' in June. She has jist finished a course in rhubarb an' 'll take up sink sanitation next. Th' saxis abyssiniensis, or Abyssinian willow, which Mrs. Tipton Bud bought last fall, is now one o' th' most promisin' wild cherry trees t' be found in this section.

## Voice of the People

**No Work for Old Men.**

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Two recent editorials of The Times-Dispatch and evening Leader, commenting on the old man—the one pitying and the other with reference to old age pensions—deserve answer by a finer penman than the one who attempts briefly to call your attention to the powerful influence that has been for the past half-century—in this State at least—exerted against him.

It ought to be apparent to every observing mind that capital, with its vast aggregation of influence, has been steadily at work raiding the resources, material and other, of this State, this nation and this hemisphere, without adequate return to the owners—the accumulations of Kings and of Emperors, of Edward and Leopold, and of the Rothschilds and their kind.

To meet their demands, railroads and other industrial enterprises must earn fixed dividends. To do this in times of great distress, as at present, the "knifing" process is applied, every form of expense is lopped off, and the "human unit" is sacrificed as relentlessly as were the Old Guard at Waterloo or Pickett's veterans at Gettysburg.

The civil service code, as adopted, and now in force by the Federal government, which excludes any applicant over thirty-five years, is made a copartner and adjuvant of these capitalistic buccaneers.

This experiment at once found favor with the great railroads and industrial corporations, and by the weaving-in process, has obtained foothold in every existing form of employment. It is an insidious, far-reaching and a treacherous foe to the human race, especially so to the white race, upon whom civilization must depend. We are now fast receding to the static condition of European countries, whose surplus population finds employment here in this so-called developing of our resources, which is none other than an organized system of public robbery.

One of its effects upon our white race is that our women refuse to perpetuate their race under such disastrous conditions, while men miserably fail to support a family on the meagre pittance allowed by their masters, the capitalists, who may allow them a bare 10 per cent on their productive capacity, and are rapidly destroying the geese who lay their golden eggs.

It is a denationalizing process. The republic of the founders has already disappeared, and will not again be restored until the bloody edicts of the French Revolution become a recurring force—and yet men talk of peace, peace!

How long, O, God! will this, Thy edict of human suffering, remain to drive men and women mad?

Go, you philanthropists, and read it in the haggard, attenuated, half-starved faces, who in vain endeavor to hide their distress—those you meet as you walk the streets of your city.

I am an old man, competent in many things, and I have fairly well canvassed the cream of your employing population. Are there any here who will dare give an old man work, not charity? EDWIN F. SURBER.

**Why Not Have a Real White Way?**

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Occasionally I read something about Richmond's needing a union station and that it can't be decided where to put it. Listen to this and it might give you an idea.

If you were going to build a handsome hotel, residence, hospital or an apartment house or any new, up-to-date structure, where would you build it? Down in Seventeenth Street bottom or some other unsightly, congested hole? Of course, not. Every broad-minded and progressive person would say, "Follow the progress of the city and go west by all means, where every stranger when visiting our beautiful city goes." When any one comes into our downtown depots the first thing he does is to hurry uptown. Sure he does. So why should we dump him into a dingy hole, particularly strangers when they arrive here? As you know, the old adage says the first impression is the most lasting one. It has been said by one of the most progressive railroad officials here that Elba station sells more tickets than any other depot in the city. That is simple enough for anyone to understand. Now, listen again to this, and think it over and see if this wouldn't be an advertisement to our progressive city and the gateway to the South.

Put your union station in the West End, north of Broad Street; smooth pave Broad Street to it and put up ornamental lights. Then you could say we have a real white way, instead of a very small end of an imitation. Can you imagine what an impression it would make on strangers arriving here after dark, seeing a beautiful, straight and broad street for about two miles long?

The Seventeenth Street section is suitable for heavy freight and warehouses, shops, etc. Leave off annexing some of the farm property for about fifty years, which will be plenty of time before we will need it, and try to keep the hay mowed down on some we already have. Complete what you have, then annex your farms; they won't have plenty time when you get to them. Lay aside personal motives and follow the crowd west and plan for the future, not to-day; be progressive and pull together on the level, and you won't have congested ups and downs or politics to contend with.

CITIZEN.

**Capital Punishment and Those Who Have Disapproved It.**

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—People whose minds and insight are above the average are quite as likely to have opposite opinions as are others. Though this is true, the world seeks their opinions and places high value on them in determining questions. Having been able to find expressions of a few of such people from different periods of thought relative to the subject of capital punishment, I give below some excerpts from them with a hope that you may see fit to publish them:

John G. Whittier: "I have given the subject of capital punishment much consideration, and have no hesitation in saying that I do not regard the death penalty essential to the security and well-being of society."

Henry W. Longfellow: "I am, and have been for many years, an opponent of capital punishment."

William Cullen Bryant: "I am heartily with you, as you know, in the warfare against the barbarous practice of punishment by death."

Alice Carey: "As I regard it, the second murder is worse than the first; for the first may have been attended with extenuating circumstances—not so the second."

General Lafayette: "I shall ask for the abolition of the death penalty until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

Horatio Seymour: "I am decidedly in favor of softening our criminal code for many reasons. By so doing we shall secure greater certainty of conviction."

Dr. Benjamin Rush: "The power of human life is the sole prerogative of Him who gave it. I consider capital punishment an improper penalty for any offense."

Father Matthew: "I have never yet discovered that the Founder of Christianity has delegated to man any right to take away the life of his fellowmen."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton: "Every sentence and every execution I hear of is a break in the current of my life. There will be no gallows, no dungeon, no heedless cruelty in solitude when the mother soul is represented in our criminal legislation."

Cicero: "Away with the executioner and the execution. Even the very mention of them is unworthy of a Roman citizen."

Victor Hugo: "The law that dips its finger in human blood to write the commandment, 'Thou shalt not murder,' is not but an example of legal transgression against the precept itself."

Henry Ward Beecher: "There is no need of the death penalty, and every consideration of reason and humanity pleads for its abolition."

Wendell Phillips: "It never could have been defended except on the ground of absolute necessity. It would be absurd to make any such plea for it now."

Francis Bacon: "There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, that it mates and masters the fear of death."

William Shakespeare: "The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, may, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two guiltier than him they try."

Arthur C. Mellette (former Governor of South Dakota): "I have long been of the opinion that capital punishment fosters crime and murder, and that imprisonment for life would better subserve the interest of society."

Samuel F. Miller (former justice of the United States Supreme Court): "A long judicial experience has impressed me more with the force of the argument against the policy of such punishment."

L. W. HENDRICKSON,
Nashville, Tenn.

**Music in the Parks.**

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A few weeks ago I requested you to publish a short article in regard to the park concerts during the summer, but as it did not appear I hope you will allow me to say a few words since we have learned the welcome news on this subject. I do not hesitate to say that I believe everybody in this city would prefer having our former bandmaster, Professor Iardella, to any other in the world, and there are many who will agree with me in wishing that it should not be a question as to bidding, but rather let the contract be awarded to the two accomplished musicians, Professors Stein and Iardella, who are now associated in their business affairs here. There are no others who can arrange such programs or make such beautiful selections in music.

MRS. H. W. S.
Richmond, Va., June 5, 1913.

**God in Nature.**

Nature everywhere is busy,
Fixing up her home quite grand;
All along the walls she's hanging
Garlands made by her own hand.
Festooning the towering mountains,
Hiding ugly spots, if seen,
On the hillsides, in the valleys,
Carpeting the plains with green.

Variegating with wild flowers,
Dogwood, daisy, blue bells, rose;
Blossoming in nook and ingle,
Blooming where the water flows.
Field and forest, fen and moorland,
Each now beautiful to see,
Making this old world a palace,
Brightened with God's tapestry.

Deftly each is interwoven,
Gulded by a hand Divine;
Every branch and bush and flower
Answering to the Master Mind,
Through the laws ordained and governed
By Him who gives sun and rain,
Sending seeds to winter slumber,
Walking in springtime again.

Gives the orchestra direction
In the swaying boughs in June;
O'er each winged band of songsters
Swings the baton, times the tune—
Modulates each whispering zephyr,
Bids the ocean rise and fall,
God is Ruler over Nature,
God is Master over all.

D. H. KEENEY.

**Alice M. Tyler.**

A beautiful life is ended at last,
Undimm'd by a sorrow save that it is past.
Tho' death overcomes, it cannot defeat
A life that was victory and triumph complete.

A life that was given to all that was high
And noble and righteous—such life cannot die.
Tho' fame be forgotten, a legend at most,
Love lives on forever—it cannot be lost.

Many beautiful lives the Southland has giv'n,
Of women who wrought, who pray'd, who have striv'n
Thro' eras of darkness, whose faith was a light,
A pillar of fire that led us aright.

And hers ever shone with a brilliance of mind
That charm'd and delighted, since never unkind
To the humble and lowly, humanity's cause
Was her inspiration, not worldly applause.

Assur'd of existence of unending bliss,
The happy reward of her choice is in this:
Tho' gone to the tomb, she leaves for us all
A life and a service we love to recall.

DUVAL PORTER.
Cascade, Va.

## VACATIONS—NO. 1: "THE CAMP IN THE WOODS."

By John T. McCutcheon.

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